JANUARY 2005 SUMMARY #145

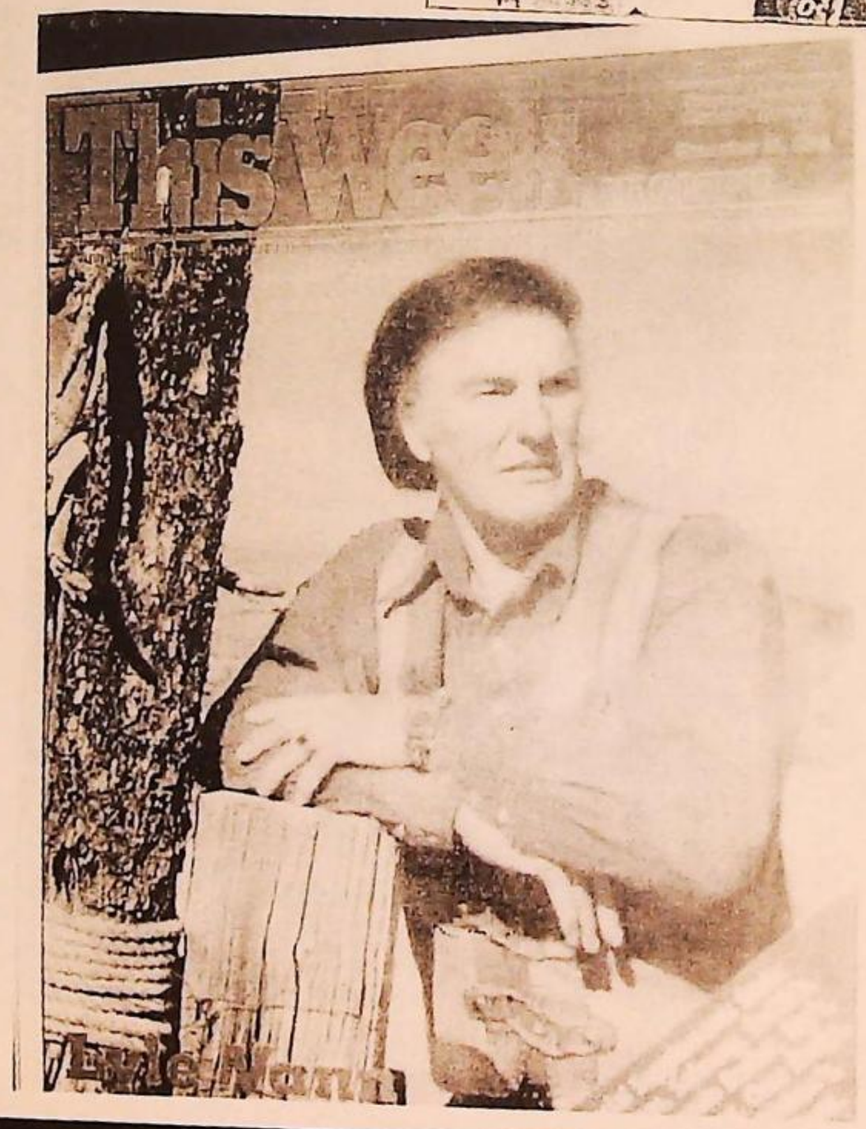
THE TRACK RECORD

THE WESTERN BIGFOOT SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

WATCH YER STEP!

EDITOR RAY CROWE

"In every county with rural residents, there are people with things already happening," Powell said.



Vann, *from page 1*

Because, Vann believes, Big Foot comes from a world within our world, he could teach mankind a lot about surviving. He said the most he hopes to get out of his work is to open people's eyes to the fact that man is not alone.

"This is not a hobby or game, this is for real," he said. "I'd rather go back to sky diving, playing golf, and in the hall of fame for trap shooting. I'd rather do anything than freeze my but off, get snake bit, and have the Jesus scared out of me."

Vann said he didn't believe in Big Foot himself until he went on a hunting trip with a friend in California. While on the trip they encountered something, but even then Vann wasn't sure what they had seen. It wasn't until he had read some books and seen or heard others descriptions of the being that he was convinced of Big Foot.

Now, Vann has his own collection of evidence that he claims is indisputable concerning Big Foot's existence.

"I defy any scientist...anyone to come look at my negatives and find them false. Big Foot has been seen in every state in the United States except Hawaii and Rhode Island. It's been seen in Canada, Mexico and South America. I have hunted Big Foot (with a camera) literally all over the United States."

Vann said there are many people who come to him and tell him that they've seen something, such as a Big Foot or a UFO. However, sometimes people are just playing with him, ridiculing him. But of those who do sincerely believe in Vann's work, he said, eight out of 10 are women.

"Men are a funny species," he said. "They just don't like to say, 'Hey, I think I saw something.'"

Aside from the many photos Vann has, he has also found samples of hair, which he had examined by the FBI's forensic lab in California. The lab, Vann said, was unable to determine where the hair sample had come from. The FBI could not name any known species from where the hair could have originated.

"They (the FBI) don't laugh at me. They're right with me.

"I've had people say to me I'm chasing a dead horse, that there's no such thing as Big Foot," Vann said. "And I'm proving them wrong. If a person believes in himself, they can do anything.

"When I was in the army, a friend told me I would never be an officer because I wasn't officer material. By the time I got out I had made it halfway to general. It was a challenge."

One of the biggest challenges Vann faces is being accepted by people who don't understand his work and don't want to believe in what he does.

"Fine. I'm doing something no else has ever done," he said. "It's lonely at the top.

"People say, 'Gee, this guy's nuts!' O.K., I'm nuts along with about 100 million other people in the world."

Among the people who join Vann in his belief in UFOs and Big Foot, he names General Douglas MeArthur, former President Jimmy Carter, and former Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater.

"I believe there is another world inside our world," Vann said explaining where he believes Big Foot and aliens come from. "Something is bringing them to the top, because there are a lot more UFO and Big Foot sightings now."

He said what is bringing them to the surface is the pollution put into the earth by man.

"We're just ruining the earth," he said. "Our waters are ruined, good drinking water tables are going down; our garden, vegetation, everything is changing so much."

Paulden resident dedicates his life to studying Big Foot and U.F.O.'s

By Jon L'Hommedieu
Chino Valley Review

The following article appears in today's edition of This Week Magazine, *published by Prescott Newspapers, Inc.*

We are not alone.

Something many people believe in the possibility of, but few are willing to discuss openly, is what Lyle Vann of Paulden has spent more than 20 years of his life researching.

Vann is director of the Arizona Big Foot Center, and a "UFOologist."

"I first saw a UFO as a child when I was growing up in Geneseo, Ill.," Vann said. He said when he was six years old and lived on a farm, he went out to the pump to get a cup of water and heard a noise.

"I looked up from the pump and there it stood. It was the strangest thing I ever saw. It had the head of a man, large, shiny read eyes. It had a jump suit on, like a large, khaki-like military jump suit. It cocked its head and looked at me; we looked at each other for about 45 seconds, then he went out of sight down the road."

Vann said he told his mother about the incident, and she thought it was just a dream like kids have. But by the time his mother passed away, she came to believe the incident her son had so many times described.

Over the past 20 years, Vann has spent much of his time researching not only UFOs, but the elusive, legendary creature "Big Foot." He said the two are related, because they perhaps both come from within the earth, and because he feels Big Foot is a creation of the aliens, used as a laborer.

Vann has collected numerous photographs of Big Foot over the years, and of aliens and UFOs. Though many of these photographs look like nothing more than trees and shadows, Vann said people need to open their minds and study the pictures before they can see the beings. He said Big Foot and aliens are very careful about disguising themselves.

"The aliens would probably communicate with us (mankind) if we weren't so openly hostile," Vann said. "Man's attitude is, if it's different kill it. Like Vietnam. It was a grudge war after a while; it was a gang fight."

Vann is a former major in the U.S. Army. He also worked for a time as a Hollywood stunt man.

But the work he is most dedicated to is the work he's done on researching Big Foot. Over the past 20 years Vann has spent much of his time and a lot of money in tracking Big Foot and trying to study the creature and capture it on film. He is presently working on two books of his studies. Volume I will be dedicated to the first 10 years of his work in northern California; Volume II will cover his work in Arizona.

"I spend on the average five months out of the year in the bush," Vann said. "I've taken a lot of time away from my wife in our 23 years of marriage.

"I've been bitten twice by rattle snakes; broke my ankle once when I fell off a ledge; I got poison oak three times to where I was wrapped up like a mummy. People think this is all fun and games...that this is just some crackpot out looking for Big Foot, but that's not true," Vann said. "This is not for me. This is not for Lyle Vann. Sure, it's going to answer a lot of questions I have in my mind, but this is for mankind. What I'm doing is for everybody, because they're here."

See VANN, *page 6*

The Track Record

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MEETING

Monthly meetings will be at the Home Plate, 8501 N. Lombard, Portland. Dinner at 6PM and meet at 7PM, All invited. Free to the public (no indoor meeting in July, Aug., Nov. or Dec.). There will be a mini-museum and items will be for sale by owner Patti Dietz.

The Feb 26th meeting will be hosted by UFO expert Mike Downey, former MUFON section president (he plans to bring a back-up guest).

The Mar 26th meeting will be hosted by Dick Pugh who will talk about meteorites, and update us on a recent Texas conference concerning asteroids. Is there one in Orion headed for earth?

JANUARY MEETING

The first meeting of the year was hosted by guest speaker Thom Powell, a science teacher. Thom takes a different approach to investigations; "if you've seen one, you've seen them all," referring to the large amount of similar reports that flood the Internet. Even the hoaxing has a similarity, some rep0orts hold true and some not. There is little obvious hoaxing apparent.

We probably have enough plaster track samples, especially since most aren't worth wasting plaster on anyway. And, the "great stuff," the foam that instantly produces a poor quality cast is found to not take detail, ar it swells as it hardens...and if you're so incautious to touch it when wet...it sticks, reminding Thom of a Tar Baby

Keep yer' skepticals
On when reading
These reports

scenario, where it sticks all over as you try to get loose.

On photographs, you don't have anything better than we already have, and those that do come in are mostly crude stuff with little detail.

Again anymore, with documentaries, "if you've seen one, you've seen them all."

Corresponding with Bill Dranginis Virginia surveillance specialist; Bill thought he was being watched, and later found big tufts of hair that he thinks the creature had left deliberately for him . Interestingly, the hair had fleas that were common among primitive peoples.

Thom cited a book, The Sense of Beitn Stared At, Rupert Sheldrake, where there is an idear of a sixth and seventh sense in the natural world (the sixth is heat-snake; echo location-bats and dolphins; infrasound-elephants; etc), the seventh a form of ESP. The brain has nervous/electrical activity, but the mind has a radiated field, like magnetism or gravity, where forms of communication are utilized. The Bigfoot creature then is capable of outsmarting us in almost every instance when we are stalking, baiting, using cameras, etc. Perhaps it would be useful to use in investigation those people that are thought to be "sensitives," and perhaps we'll have better investigation results.

During the Q/A period, the topic of Bigfoot wearing human clothes was broached. The comment that a hunter had seen a possible BF wearing a bright orange jacket brought the comment from Thom that he had a report from near Mima Mounds, WA, of a BF wearing a Raiders Jacket, and a stocking cap...it ran up a bank.

BIGFOOT ACTIVITY REPORTS

* CR: Michael Newton, eyeofnewt@att.net
British Columbia, Canada, December 9, 2004

B.C.T.V. Global News reported on the 6 o'clock news tonight (December 09, 2004) that two women driving in a car on the Island Highway last night at 8:30 p.m. between Port Alberni and Tofino narrowly missed hitting a large Sasquatch that had stepped onto the roadway in front of them. According to the witness, the Sasquatch stood its ground directly in front of the vehicle until it became scared by other approaching cars and quickly ran into the forest at the roadside. The women described the animal being covered in dark fur and between six and seven feet tall. They stated it looked more human than ape-like. The witnesses also stated that it was not a bear.

Veteran Sasquatch investigator and biologist John Bindernagel did an interview for BCTV News showing various tracks castings he and his wife had found near Great Central Lake on Vancouver Island. He also mentioned that he believed it would only be a matter of

time before a Sasquatch is hit by a car offering proof to the scientific community that North America's Great Ape does exist.

* Hair collected by Don Monroe from lava cave in eastern Idaho.

Dear Ray, 12/13; This hair has a diameter of 40 - 80 µm, most hairs devoid of a medulla, a few of the thicker hairs with an amorphous, fragmentary medulla, the shafts seemingly broken rather than cut and some of the ends frayed with lots of dirt impacted in them. Overall, it looks like a winner for sasquatch. Human hair can never be absolutely excluded, but human hair would not have the very dirty ends that must have been kicking around for quite a while to look like that. If you would like to, I could make you a few slides. Can you give me some more particulars about the precise location in Idaho?
My best, Henner (Fahrenbach, PhD).

* Don Monroe interviewed a train engineer who said a Bigfoot walked along the side of the railroad tracks. This was near Twin Meadows, near Calispell, Montana. Will Vasquez said the BNSFR RR was in on evening of Aug, 2003, heading north when it went around a corner heading north through a rocky area along the river, and a black creature some eight feet tall was sighted for about two seconds.

* From Bobbi Short newsletter:
Washington County, Maine, Richard Brown of Sidney, Maine and a Wendigo researcher for 40 years reported tracks he found on 12 January 2005. They were one mile north of Route 201 in Gardner, Maine. They measured 16" long, 7 inches at toes. The stride was 7 ft. It was at 2:30 pm. The tracks continued for a mile then he quit following them.

* Sighting:Chris Kraska
73652 Cass Ave, Utica, MI 48317, (586)764-8745
KozMatt@sbcglobal.net
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Date: 1/6/05, Time: 06:47 (approx)
Location: Walking amongst the dead in the graveyard.
Description of sighting: I was driving to school. I looked out my window and saw a big, dark, figure, in the cemetery. It scared me, so I slammed on the brakes and squinted to get a better look. That was when I realized that I was looking at the world famous
Bigfoot himself. I didn't want anyone to hurt or kill him, so I pretended i didn't see it. It was Big and hairy, about 9 feet high, and dark in coloration

* Credit report from Bill Green
I was in the Blue Mountains in Oregon scouting for next hunting season when I saw a figure about 300 yards away. At first I thought it was a bear on its hind legs or something, but then I looked at it with my binoculars and snuck up on it (as I got closer there was a very foul odor like sulfur and I got that picture, where I took it there was dense forest and some swampy type area with lots of elk, so its weird to see a creature like this definitely not a man in a costume because its a three hour hike to this place, not a hike you'd take for some hoax. Been going up there for about 9 years now and me and my dad have heard sounds before but blame it on elk or something. Saw one good

THE OREGON CREATURE

footprint in the mud but it rained on my way down so it could be gone. well I hope we can prove it really does exist!

* Credit: Bill Miller IMSJLE@aol.com
The following occurred in Thompson, CT.
On the old Providence Worcester rail-line, now a riding, biking trail. Labor Day weekend, 1997.
I was riding my geriatric quarter horse mare on a trail about 5 miles from where I live. It was a very warm day and since there was a clean stream (rare for CT) off the trail I decided to let her drink and splash around a bit. I was watching some little fish in the stream when I noticed a footprint on the bank.
My first reaction was, who is walking barefoot around here?! Then the size hit me, huge, nearly twice as big as my size 8 riding boot. That really made me nervous. At the same time, my horse, who was absolutely bomb proof, started getting antsy. She was an angel and anyone could ride her. I adored her and to this day I miss her. She was my first horse, but not my last. Now I have a Morgan and board an Arabian mare but that is another story.
At this point I thought okay, time to go, I don't want to meet the person with the size 20 shoes who is running around these woods barefoot. Just as I turned my horse back to the trail, "The smell" hit me. it was foul, and skunk-like with an over tone of wet dog and burned garlic. I actually gagged it was so bad. At this point my horse was on the verge of bolting, mind you, this was a 20-year-old mare with severe navicular disease and arthritis. She took off like she was shot out of a cannon. Right then all hell broke loose! There was a hill on my right and this thing came down the hill. It sounded like a bull elephant IN full charge! Trees were breaking, it was screaming and I could hear it running. The screams reverberated in my chest and hurt my ears! I rounded a corner on the trail with my horse in full bolt and me hanging on for dear life, literally, and finally saw what was chasing me!
It was very tall, dark hair, incredibly fast, looked like a cross between a man and a gorilla. Maybe 400-500 pounds, I was terrified! It paralleled me for about 50 yards then veered off back towards the hill, continuing to scream at me for another 10 minutes. I didn't stop till I found the highway and home.
I have been mugged, and was not as scared as I was that day. This is why I became a Bigfoot researcher and learned about these very interesting creatures. Looking back, I

realize he was probably just bluffing, like gorillas bluff. But back in 1997 I thought I was dead. My horse never really recovered and died a short while later.

I have been back to the spot twice, there are territorial markers everywhere and occasionally I get the "being watched" feeling when I go into that area. I have had trouble with something spooking my horses at night, and chickens have regularly disappeared from a locked hen house. Is it Bigfoot? Who knows? I hear something wailing at night in the springtime usually.

So, maybe we do have a viable breeding population of Bigfoot in the Northeast. P.N.,Thompson, CT, Recved Jul 2003

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AN OREGON LOTTERY

* CR: Bill Miller, a GCBRO Report
REPORT RECEIVED: From the GCBRO Online Reports Submission Form, 10-13-83
9:30 pm, Wilson, Ok, Carter County, Hwy 70A one mile south of Wilson City Park, Dimmijon Creek and Hwy 70A. A Wooded area.

Observed: MoMo coming through a door he just ripped off it's hinges. Loud roaring and thumping on back outside wall of house. Parents watching television, children in bed. The father is an avid hunter and probably angered Bigfoot hence Bigfoot came to his home |which was isolated| and went around the house knocking out windows and beating on the walls. The father got down his 12 gauge and fired a shot through the kitchen window at a shadow as it moved toward the back door. A loud yowl was let out, leading the father to believe he had hit the Bigfoot. Shortly thereafter the screen door and door to the back porch were torn off their hinges. The father knocked over the refrigerator and lodged it against a substantial back door. He heard the creature trying to tear the back door off it's hinges as he was getting his family to the pickup truck.

The father ran back into the house to retrieve his shotgun and left it due to the Bigfoot being half way in the kitchen

DON MONROE NAMES LAVA CAVE SYSTEM AFTER THE LATE THEATA CROWE, THIS PHOTO LOOKS OUT FROM CAVE #1, CAVE #2 BEHIND DISTANT WALL OF THEATA CAVE

|he tore the door in half length ways, the door had steel panels.| The family made it into town and called the Police Department. I and three of my deputies went back out to the house to investigate the report shortly after the father called in the report.

I had known the father for a long time, and even though he was known to throw a punch every now and then he was no liar. What my deputies and I found was a house that was so damaged that it looked like a twister had gone through part of it. Every wall in the house had been demolished, the kitchen and bathroom facilities torn out, and the only reason I could figure the Bigfoot didn't completely destroy the house was that there was evidence that it had probably nearly electrocuted itself by biting the back of the television.

The fathers shotgun was an 870 Remington and it looked like a pretzel instead of a firearm. The next morning we went back out there and the place looked even worse in the daylight. The family moved in with their parents for awhile after that. They never returned to the house and later burned it down.

Hair samples was gathered at the scene and was sent off for analysis. They could not be identified as belonging to any known animal or human. They are still in the evidence room at the Police Station but due to me not being able to get along with the Chief of Police there now, there is no way I can get any samples of them. There is

many more reports of MoMo or the Muddy Creek Monster from this area as well. This is one mean creature, that has a nasty reputation with the local folks.

* Cr Bill Miller About 16 years ago, I was hunting with a friend (Troy) in an area due East of Springfield, Oregon. The area is known as "Booth Kelly". The Booth Kelly logging roads begin in the McKenzie River Valley and wind their way through some of Oregon's most rugged country. The logging roads are cut through the Western Oregon Rainforests, and make their way approximately 60 miles over the top of 6000 foot hill and ends up on the Fall Creek side of the Mountain. The area is very remote and is known as an exceptional place to hunt blacktail deer.

It was raining hard and Troy and I were soaked to the bone. (This is not unusual when hunting Western Oregon.) We decided to park on an old side road known as "Miles Rock Road", and wait for an afternoon hunt.

As we sat in Troy's pick-up, we listening to the rain on the roof and the police scanner which sat on the dash board. Suddenly we heard an Oregon State Trooper call out to his partner and say something to the effect of, "You better get over here NOW!" His partner asked for his location, in which the reply was, "about a mile south of Miles Rock Rd." (The first Trooper's sounded very distressed over the radio.) The second Trooper asked if he was "Okay". The first Trooper's reply was, "Yeah!... just get over here!... It's not for over the air!" With nothing better to do, Troy started the truck and we drove south to see what was going on. I remember Troy and I teasing with one another that maybe the Trooper had found "D.B. Cooper!"

As we rounded a corner, we saw an Oregon State Trooper parked on the left side of the logging road. (At this point, Troy rolled down his window.) As we approached, we noticed that the Trooper was standing in front of his truck holding his shotgun. Troy slowed, and was going to ask the Trooper if everything was "Okay." As we slowly approached the Trooper's location, there was an almost "overpowering" odor of "wet dog" that filled the air. The odor was so strong that it was almost like having a soaking wet, stray dog in the cab of the truck with us.

Troy stopped next to the Troopers truck, and before Troy could say anything, the Trooper said, "YOU KIDS, GET OUT OF HERE!!!" The Trooper seemed more scared than authoritative. As I looked, I noticed that the Trooper had been looking at a large impression in the side of a dirt embankment. (The dirt embankment was about 10 feet high.) The impression was about half way up the embankment, and appeared as though a rock, about half the size of a volley ball had been removed from the hillside, leaving a large hole. There were no other impressions on the hill. As Troy and I drove away, I turned around to see the trooper take several steps up on the embankment and looked carefully at the impression.

Troy and I drove about another two miles until we reached a locked gate. Troy turned the truck around and parked. We talked about the situation with the State trooper, and wondered what it could have been. Eventually, we decided to leave... but would ultimately have to drive past the Trooper's location.

As we approached the Trooper's location, His partner had already arrived, and both were out of their trucks, holding their shotguns. As we were about to pass, the first Trooper quickly walked towards our truck and yelled, "If

LOOKING OUT FROM INSIDE THEATA CAVE #2
EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL CAVE. DON MONROE

you boys are looking for trouble... you're about to find it! Now get your @ss out of here!!!" I quickly looked at the impression in the embankment and noticed that it looked more like the front part of a large foot that had dug into the dirt... as though something or someone had jumped up the embankment in one stride. Troy and I drove back to another road to continue to hunt. (I mean "Dry out!")

When I told Troy what I thought I saw, Troy said that he was reluctant to say that when we originally drove by... he thought it was a large human foot print, but said nothing because he thought I would laugh at him. Nothing else but still laying back on the slope. Then the tree top stopped and another started shaking. It was odd because the shaking wasn't like a soft swaying motion you'd expect from a breeze blowing, nor was it violent from what I recall. It was a medium/medium heavy type of shake as if to arouse something from the top of the tree or to make something fall loose, but that is just my interpretation of how it appeared for I don't recall seeing any leaves falling. About that time I slowly got into a sitting position and drew my gun across my legs and started to follow the tree trunk down to the ground, but before I reached the bottom with my eyes, the trunk had disappeared behind some thickets that may have been 5' to 6' high. I could see through them a little because it was broad daylight out, but I didn't notice anything at that distance. Then I saw

something move and yet another tree started to shake. That's when I picked up an outline through the thickets. It appeared to be upright just like someone standing on the other side of this cover of thickets. Now my mind is really wondering how in the hell is this happening because something about as thick as a person and not over 6' high seems to be shaking these tree tops, but yet the trunks were too large for that to make any sense to me. I believe I saw it move once again with another tree top soon following suit with the same pattern of foliage shaking I had been witnessing already. As I recall I then for some reason raised my gun up as if to be ready to aim in that direction and then the tree top shaking stopped and whatever was standing through the thickets didn't move to any other tree after that. I had the sense that it now was aware of my presence. I could have called out, but I didn't want to give my position away if there was a chance that it didn't yet know I was there. I thought if it saw me and if it was another person, then by aiming the gun at them - they'll surely call out not to shoot in their direction, so I did just that and whatever it was just stood there and didn't move. I was going to wait them out, but after what seemed like a long time of nothing happening ... I started getting very nervous! I didn't like the way this was playing out, so I slowly got to my feet and started backing up towards the wood line at the top of the hill I had been on. I never took my eyes off of the outline still standing beyond the thickets and when I got to the tree line I lit out by double timing it the few miles back home while constantly looking back over my shoulder to see if I was being followed.

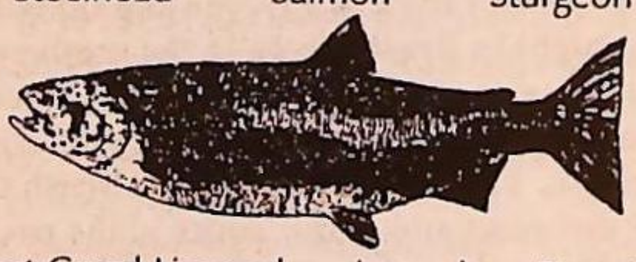
Upon reaching home I didn't say a word to anyone. Looking back on it now, I think I was too proud at that age to tell my buddies that I lost my nerve and beat it back home like I did. And I thought ... 'What in the hell would I tell anyone for none of what just occurred back in them woods made no sense to even me and I was there and watched it go down like it did!' There was no way I was going to cause myself to be branded for losing my nerve that day and when you live in a small country town – every one would hear about it before the sun sat another day.

It's really a shame that I was by myself that day for had I have had someone with me, I would have been somewhat braver if only in appearance. I certainly didn't think about Sasquatch being in Illinois for it is still something I find hard to accept. I'd like to think it was someone who had no fear of what could have been a high powered rifle pointed at them, but that doesn't make much sense to me either. And that tree shaking ... for the life of me that will always happened that evening.

About a week later, I was at work listening to a local radio station when the morning D.J. came on the radio and began to tell a story of two Oregon State Troopers who

NORTHWEST ANGLING EXPERIENCE

Steelhead Salmon Sturgeon



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VAR HARRIS, 66 YEAR OLD COWBOY, 11/29 HOLDS ANCIENT BISON ANTIQUUS BONES. THEY FIT PERFECTLY INTO SOCKETS OF FEMURS FOUND AT MISTLETOE CAVE. DM

claimed to see a large ape like creature, in the hills just East of Springfield. The D.J. went on to say that the alleged sighting occurred only a week earlier. The D.J. laughed and accused the Troopers of taking liberties with the contents of their evidence locker, stating something to the effect of, "Don't you wonder what all the cops do with all that marijuana they confiscate? Well... now we know!" Well... that is pretty much it! Donnie

* Bill Miller notes.

I'll share this story that I experienced about 2 to 3 miles or so NE of a town called Glasford, Illinois with you all even though I often just try and forget about it because it just never has made any sense to me, but it is the God's truth - it happened!

I had a habit of spending a lot of time in the woods as a teenager. Most teenagers spent their time hanging around on street corners while I was always drawn to nature... possibly because it was something new that intrigued me and I'd already knew what a street corner was all about. Anyway, I think it was in the fall of 1973 that I headed into the woods with my 4/10 shotgun just to have something to do and to explore around a bit. I always carried a couple of rounds of regular shot and a deer slug in the chamber for added protection mostly. The gun was a bolt action weapon and looked a hell of a lot like a rifle, especially from a distance. On this particular day I came onto a spot overlooking some deep ravines that "T'd" into one

another. The brink of the hill I was on had a slight slope to it for about 15 feet before it steepened out, so I took a position on the brink of the hill and sat there for a spell. The temperature was pretty mild, but sitting there with the sun warming my light jacket I started to feel like I could lay back and just take in the suns warmth. I think had it not been for a few chipmunks rustling the leaves just below the hill from me, which would cause me to sit up and look to see if I could see them and to be sure it wasn't something else, I think I would have laid there and went to sleep. Keeping in mind that with me laying at an angle on this slight grade at the top of the hill, it allowed me to open my eyes and see the tree tops on the hill across from me. Those trees may have been 200/250 feet or so away as the crow flies. Every so often I would open my eyes, thus seeing the tree tops across the ravine from me and one of those times I noticed the tree tops shaking. I recall vividly closing my eyes and thinking it was just the breeze, but it dawned on me that I only saw one tree top moving, so I opened my eyes again and it was still moving while the other tree tops were pretty much dead still. Then the tree stopped shaking. The next thing I knew the tree top next to it was shaking the same way. How odd I thought that only one tree top at a time would shake like this. (I cannot tell you what type of trees these were, but there was a small stand of them on this hillside across from me that was about as tall as a telephone pole with most of its foliage right in the very top of the tree. The trunk looked to be about the diameter of a telephone pole, as well)

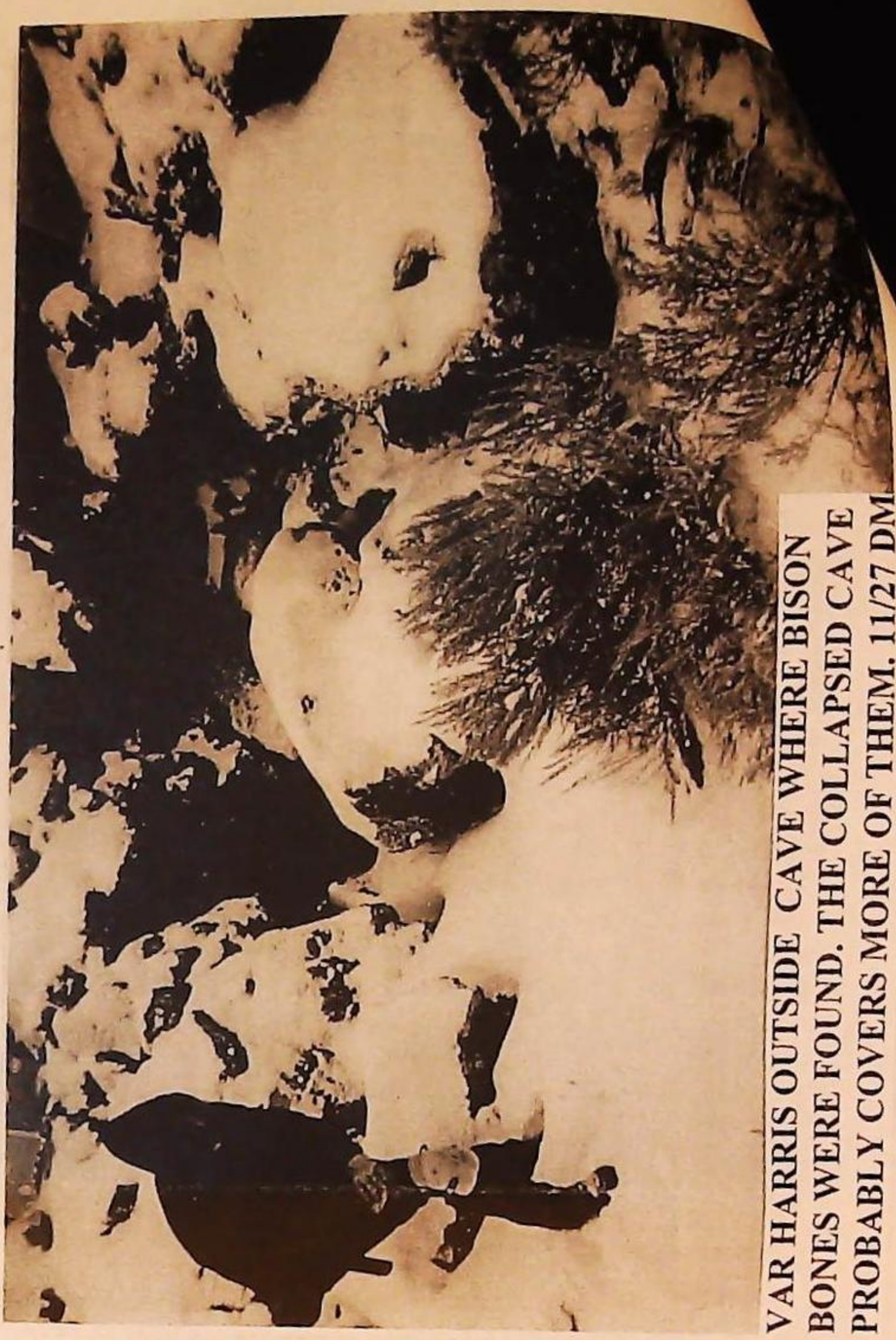
So the next thing I did was to move rather slowly and raised myself up where I was propped up on my elbows,

be a damned mystery because there is no way in hell that I'd believe a man could do this from the ground.

One final note: I wrote John Green about this many years later and it may have been the very first correspondence I had with him. I still have his reply here somewhere. John said that he had just been speaking to an old friend of his a few days back and this person told John that he had witnessed tree shaking. I believe it happened in BC, but regardless I am sure it was in the PNW. John said that this individual had a good view of the tree and even went to check it out and could not find the source of what caused the shaking of its foliage. All I can say is that I think what caused the ones to shake that I saw had something to do with the upright figure I saw move through the thickets, but who in the heck really knows for sure. All I am certain about is that I was there and I saw this event take place before my eyes.

* Sunday December 5, 2004, Vance wrote saying he had received a report November 27, 2004 from some 4-wheelers who saw bigfoot prints in 18 inches of snow, coming out of the woods and headed down into the South Fork Walla Walla River, WA. Tracks were of a single creature and were 18-20 inches in length... witnesses said they could "see the tracks as far as the eye could see... "

* D. Whitmore, possible new member, recalls in the 70's near Cherry Grove, OR, sheep were disappearing from a corral. Around 11PM one night there was an intense sound that terrified the dog. Then she heard something walking on the gravel, and finally on the porch, and a shadow crossed the window. The next day large print impressions were found.

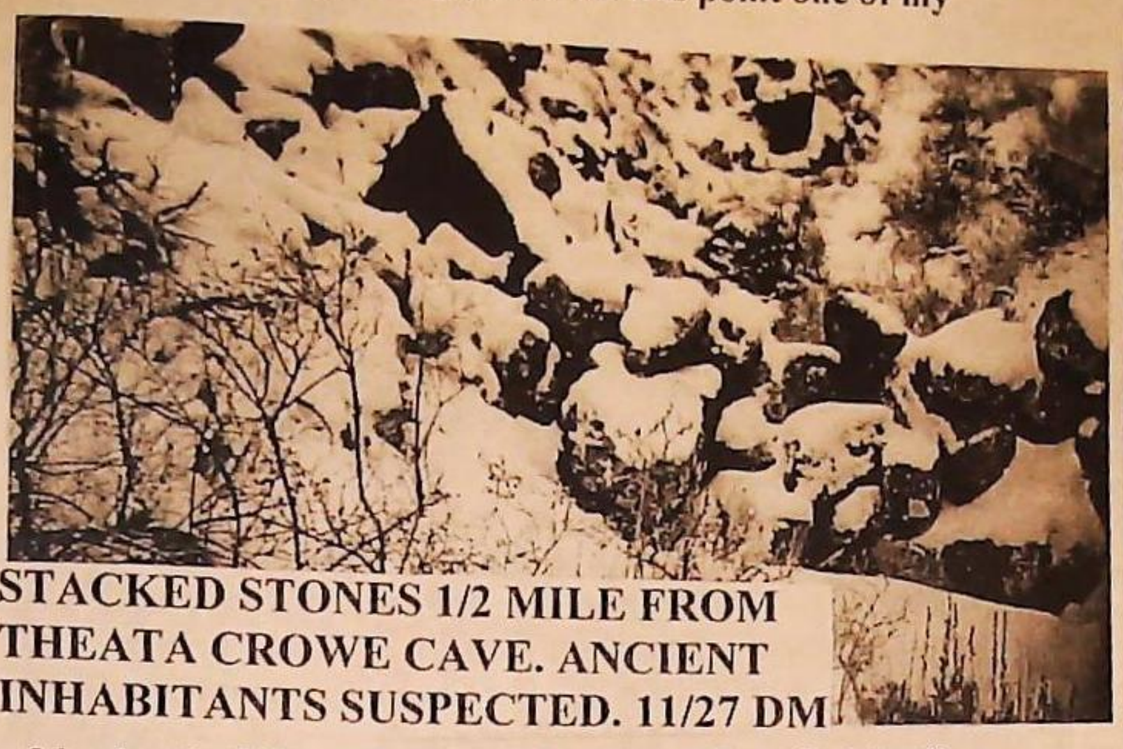


VANCE HARRIS OUTSIDE CAVE WHERE BISON BONES WERE FOUND. THE COLLAPSED CAVE PROBABLY COVERS MORE OF THEM. 11/27 DM

Also in the 70's when she worked for the Forest Service on a crew digging and putting water on hot spots from a fire near Bull Run, OR, there was a loud scream like a train whistle and a bulldozer was found overturned with gas can scattered around.

* CR: Bill Miller IMSJLE@aol.com,
STATE: Oklahoma, Delaware County
LOCATION DETAILS: take 59/20/10 to Jay, OK. on east side of square take road that goes to left behind Delaware county bank. Go about 3.5 miles to curve on dirt road directly below boys ranch home
NEAREST ROAD: Brush Creek road off east side of town square. When I was 16 I lived in Jay. Me and three friends would go out at night to Brush Creek in the summer to fish and swim. One summer night in June of 1986 we decided to go fishing about 10 p.m. It was warm and a very still night, and a big full moon. The area we went to on Brush Creek ran next to the dirt road and at this curve in the road and bend in the creek was the gate to the field. The creek was about 30 feet from the gate. Upon arriving at the gate we discovered that all of our fishing gear was tangled up and two of us had flat tires on our bikes, and the dogs at the boys ranch house were going nuts barking and growling. They never acted that way to us before, even though we were trespassing and the house was about 25 yards up and back off the road.

We all commented on the dogs and told each other to be quiet. We went thru the gate and laid our bikes down and started untangling fishing poles. At this point one of my



STACKED STONES 1/2 MILE FROM THEATA CROWE CAVE. ANCIENT INHABITANTS SUSPECTED. 11/27 DM

friends asked if someone passed gas, we all replied "no". He said well something smells dead. Then splashing in the creek caught our attention. One said it is a raccoon, I looked and said be quiet and don't move. They asked why and all I could do was point. Then one said a bear, I told them Bigfoot!

That is when I noticed a sasquatch standing in the creek 20 feet away from us bathing. he would bend down, get water in his hands and splash it in his face. then he would bend down and get water and pour it on his head.

I could see from mid-chest up on this animal. he had a huge head and was probably 9 foot tall. his arms were at least 5 foot long and had gigantic hands. he was facing the moon and we could all see the whites of his eyes.

After about 2 minutes of being this close and unnoticed, a very light breeze blew across us and the animal tilted his head back and looked up. He
inhaled twice very deep and then threw his hands up and let out a ear shattering yell and started coming up over the creek bank at us.

It had yellowish-brown hair a stunk very badly.
The animal got within 10 feet of us grabbing at us and swinging its arms at us and trying to grab us.
We all started yelling and running and the animal turned and took off running south with very fast and light strides, turning to look at us every few seconds.

We all grabbed our bikes and started back down the dirt road to Jay. Two of us had flat tires and had to run carrying our bikes. I was one of them and I beat everyone else back to town.

We never went back there again. We told an old Indian man about it and he said ,"that is what I told you. A "skeely" lives there and you better stay out of there at night. Whatever it was it made believers out of us.

* Sighting: Rebekah Turple (wear skepticals)
228 River Av., Halifax, 67JJ9
Canada, beckonbeck2@hotmail.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: September, 2004 at dusk
Time: Dusk; In the forest off the old railway tracks about a half of a mile. I was on my usual evening walk with my dog, Biscuits.

I was walking down the trail that I know like the back of my hand but this time it was different. I didn't hear the

STACKED STONES OUTSIDE ENTRANCE TO THEATA CROWE CAVE. 11/27 DM

usual birds chirping and the grass hoppers. It was deac silent this time. Biscuits was acting on edge too, he kept trying to turn around and go back but we were only half way into our walk. I then heard rustling then a growl, my dog was going nuts barking and jumping, he ran ahead and that's when I was really worried. I heard a yelp, then I ran forwards and tripped on a rock and bumped my head. I woke up I don't know how much time had passed but I am guessing about an hour because it was now dark. My dog was gone. I called and called for him but he didn't come. I heard the rustling but it was only Biscuits, he was limping and his snout was scratched and was bleeding. I picked him up and I started for home. The next day I went back with my husband but this time with a gun. We saw huge footprints leading into the woods and followed them to a cave where we didn't enter but hid outside of it for a bit. There was a horrible smell coming from it. No longer than an hour after waiting the thing emerged and began

going into the further woods. We didn't stick around to investigate but I will return one of these days. Biscuits is now fine and we take a different more populated route on our walks. It was very tall, probably about 300 pounds, big belly. Very smelly almost like a dead animal. Brown and grey hair, almost ape like but walked on 2 feet.

* Bill Green submission from CT. About 8:45pm tonight (12 Jan) I was looking out my living room window when I

ENTRANCE TO LION DEN CAVE. IT HAS AN ESCAPE EXIT IN THE REAR THAT COMES OUT TO THEATA CROWE CAVE. 11/27 DON MONROE PHOTO

saw a large dark figure walking behind a big snow bank by railroad tracks. It was kinda' walking quickly like looking for something; then it stood up, it was 5 1/2 ft tall, kinda' thin, black hair all over its body. Then it was walking on the driveway kinda', quickly then it stopped, looked at a car, then it ran across the road down the railroad tracks again. At first I thought it might be a person that was kinda' drunk, but this figure was moving too fast for that. I also noticed glowing red eyes. I was so excited that I finally had a possible sighting of a sasquatch. This took place in Bristol, CT. I also noticed it was swinging its arms

* Submitted by Ben Blake danegeld2@msn.com

Re: Skunk ape movie to debut in April
I tend to be skeptical of unusual animal sightings. However when a close friend recently had an encounter at night with a "tall, thin, nude man with long hair" that was loping across Hwy. 92 southwest of Marco, FL my skepticism was shattered. Our friend was returning home to the POI around 9 p.m. and when she was about three miles southeast of the Goodland Bridge she spotted a "tall, pale, longhaired, nude man bounding from left to right, across the highway in front of her car. There are canals on either side of Rt. 92 and when our friend approached the area where she had seen the "man," there was no one there. Whatever it was that she had seen, it had moved so quickly that there was no doubt in her mind that its momentum carried it into the water. There were no cars on the ro and none parked on the berm. Everyone who travels th stretch of highway knows it to be completely uninhabite dark as pitch and foreboding. After listening to our friend describe her encounter, I have most definitely become less skeptical of others' remarks concerning the swamp ape.
Jerry Churba, Port of the Islands
Naples, FL

* BFRO Report. Dec 1985, From top of Cabbage Hill, SE of Pendleton, Oregon. Around Christmas witness driving truck on I-85 at 1:30am went around curve and in headlights, saw BF at close range, almost hitting it. It stared at witness through windshield. Blonde-brown color, bright yellow-red eyes, not as hairy as a bear, human features, nose large, teeth longer than human, but canines not fangs, navel long and deep, walked like old man, bent slightly, it slapped hood of truck near radiator, then ran into the woods. There was snow on the ground and flurries falling. After stopping, the minute to minute and a half sighting, allowed a close examination. Height about 8 ft, width 4 ft. Beautifully shaped athletic build with narrow waist. Dense matted beard with heavy sideburns and heavy matted bangs. Pronounced brow ridges.

* Sighting: David R. Quamme,418 3rd (wear skepticals) Avenue, Aberdeen, WA 98520(360) 537-4959, davidquamme@msn.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info:12/18/04, Time: 10:30 - 10:50 PM
Location: Dense Lowland Forest, in a ravine, about a thousand feet from my backyard. (Does it count if I only heard the animal vocalizing for twenty minutes?)
The beast slowly agitated the dogs in the neighborhood.

I attempted to record the vocalizations with a sensitive microphone I use for recording birdsongs, but was a bit flustered and failed because the battery in the microphone was dead. I only realized after it was too late. I have hyper-acute hearing and once worked in a primate research lab in college, thus I feel qualified to file a report based on audio evidence.

Actions of reporter: I had just returned from a two hour drive visiting relatives in Seattle.

I walked onto my back porch and immediately recognized an unusual animal sound coming from the woods behind my property. After listening for a minute or two, I got into a mild panic and ran back into the house to find my tape recorder and a fresh audio cassette.

I spent the next twenty minutes listening intently to the vocalizations and comparing them to the dogs barking and noticing the different pitch, the repetitive pattern to the growling and barking sounds, the odd twists and turns of the notes, and the way they displaced the silence of the forest.

I later kicked myself for failing to realize that I was waving a dead microphone into the cold air.

Description of sighting: After hearing the irregular calls, and failing to record them, I walked the location the next day and found evidence of trampling, branch bending, what appeared to be territorial markings. I found really strange things like a dead Coyote with branches criss-crossed over the carcass, [dead and rotting at least a couple of weeks, in my estimation] - a stainless steel dog bowl, I imagined was picked up by the Sasquatch, and other signs of aggressive behavior, like a torn up tarp.

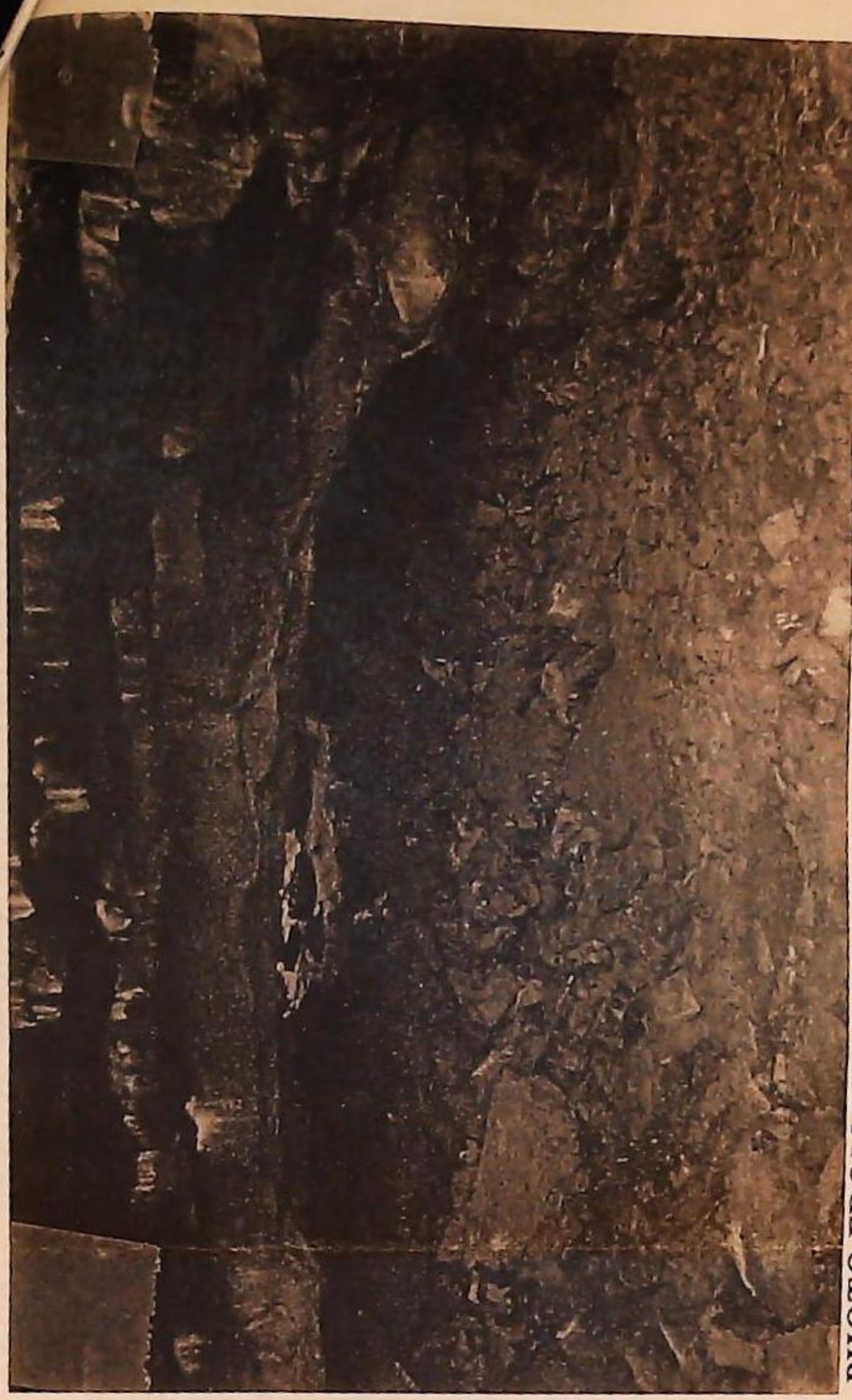


PHOTO FROM 200 YARDS INSIDE THE ATA CROWE CAVE. FLOOR IS INCREDIBLY CLEAN AS IF SWEPT BY THE WINDS OF TIME. 11/27 DON MONROE

I was trained in tracking and nature observation and didn't see any recent signs of human activity, from where I heard the vocalizations the night before.

The location of the 'stomping grounds' was about a thousand feet from the nearest house, in a very dense forest with no trails of any kind nearby.

The woods I've heard, run nearly unbroken all the way to the Olympic National Park to the north. This geographical region is as you surely know a relative hot-spot for Bigfoot sightings.

Physical Attributes: The sounds were like a very focused kind of barking and growling, louder and clearer than any canine noises. There was a clear pattern to them, with pauses between, sometimes a minute or two in length.

Being an experienced birdwatcher, I can identify birds by their calls. I'm fairly certain this wasn't a dying dog, coyote a deer or elk scream, or smaller fauna.

* Ray, I have heard the following three Bigfoot stories from highly reliable sources.

Sometime prior to 1977, the Department of Defense contracted with Lawrence Livermore Laboratories in Livermore, California, for the purpose of evaluating the use of Bigfoot for defense purposes. Apparently, the lab was given a Bigfoot to study except it escaped from a locked room. They were then given a second Bigfoot to study that also escaped from a locked room with the best security that they could provide, which most likely included cameras. Lawrence Livermore Labs concluded that 1. We cannot communicate with the Bigfoot 2. Bigfoot can disappear into thin air in a guarded room in the middle of a guarded facility 3. Bigfoot has no useful defense function and 4. Bigfoot are likely alien in origin. This study was most likely classified top secret at the time and still is, although it was common knowledge in the northern Bay area and on the Berkeley campus. I heard it direct from a highly reliable source.

Sometime prior to 1977, Bigfoot were observed over security cameras, walking through the underground tunnels beneath Edwards Air Force Base. The locked entrances to the tunnels were not opened in order to allow their access.

In approximately 1985, one or more Bigfoot were spotted inside the super secret NORAD air defense facility that is comprised of a well guarded tunnel complex beneath Cheyenne Mtn. in Colorado Springs. It only has one entrance. Several Bigfoot were engaged with firearms on one of their visits. There were no injured or killed Bigfoot as there were no bodies found at the locations where they were fired upon. The guards were sure of their shots.

Another Bigfoot was seen in the parking lot immediately outside of the tunnel entrance on another occasion. Although their presence is most likely top secret, the Air Force apparently concluded that they pose no threat to national security and now leave them alone. There is no reason to suspect that these visits are not continuing to this day.

You can print this. Sincerely, Neal B.

BOOKS

The Maryland Bigfoot Digest: by MARK OPSASNICK
A Survey of Creature Sightings in the Free State
(Xlibris Corporation, 2004 - 155 pages)

A guide to 300 alleged sightings of Bigfoot-type creatures in the state of Maryland. Includes a new introduction and an extensive overview of Maryland's most famous cases including the Sykesvillle Monster, the Harewood Park Monster, and the Harford County Bigfoot.

Status: In Print! Order from Xlibris or call 1-888-795-4274. ISBN: 1-4134-6776-8 (Trade Paperback), Pages: 155
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THE MARYLAND BIGFOOT DIGEST is a comprehensive survey of creature sightings in the Free State. In this offering of extensive research, author Mark Opsasnick describes his indoctrination into the world of monsters, offers detailed coverage of such legendary beasts as the Sykesville Monster, the Harewood Park Monster, and the Harford County Bigfoot, and rounds out his work with an impressive roster of 300 alleged sightings of Bigfoot-type creatures in his home state of Maryland. Whether you're a curious cryptozoologist or a dedicated monster hunter, you'll be sure to enjoy THE MARYLAND BIGFOOT DIGEST. details are at www.capitolrock.com, click on "Books"). Mark Opsasnick , markopsas@cs.com

* Mike Jay, 12/15/04

Here's something you may or may not know about, but I'll pass it along anyway. Have a new book here that's kinda' cute and clever; strictly humor, and no merit otherwise, but I suppose it's a collectible. A friend of mine found it at Amazon.com and sent me a copy for an early

"gag" Christmas present. Title is "In Me Own Words, The Autobiography of Bigfoot," words and illustrations by Graham Roumieu. (ISBN 0-916397-84-X, 2003, published by Maniac D Press, San Francisco, $12.95). The author is a Canadian humorist in a Gary Trudeau ("Doonesbury") sort of vein, which is to say- funny but a little bizarre, and the book is written with a "Bigfoot as 'Everyman'" kind of theme, envisioning the perils and pitfalls of Bigfoot's supposed "life" as if he lived by our standards- which admittedly is an interesting "take" on the whole situation. Although out nearly two years, I hadn't heard any mentions yet about this little gem, so perhaps it's managed to slip underneath everyone else's radar just as it evidently did mine.

IN THE NEWS

Published Wednesday, December 29, 2004; 'Ape' Sighting Draws Interest, By Gary White The Ledger, gary.white@theledger.com

If the Green Swamp ape actually does exist, its ears must be burning. Lakeland resident Jennifer Ward went public in November, sharing her description and drawings of a hairy, human-shaped creature she claimed to have seen on the edge of the Green Swamp in August. Ward's tale has reverberated through cyberspace, with links to the original Ledger story and a subsequent Orlando Sentinel article showing up on such sites as Paranormal News, Dr. Mysterian and American Monsters.

Ward has drawn attention from groups that probe the existence of unconfirmed creatures, and she has appeared on three radio shows to discuss what she saw.

"I'm not real surprised people are interested in it," Ward says. Ward, 30, has discussed her experience with radio hosts at stations in West Palm Beach, Iowa and Jacksonville. She was joined by Scott Marlowe, an instructor with the Winter Haven-based Pangea Institute, which offers classes in archaeology and other areas. The mother of two says disc jockeys at one station treated her story as comedy, and one at the Iowa station questioned her sanity. "I'd probably think it was real funny, too, if I just heard about it," Ward says. "I just said I can't help what I saw and I can't help what other people think, either." Marlowe says the disc jockeys seemed prepared to ridicule Ward but seemed impressed by the obvious sincerity in her voice. "When Jennifer begins to talk, you can tell she's not fabricating this," Marlowe says.

Ward was driving along Tom Moore Road north of Lakeland a few days after Hurricane Charley in August when she saw something in a ditch beside the road. She describes a two-legged creature about eight feet tall and covered in dark fur with light rings around its eyes. She says it seemed to be foraging.

Ward, who had her two daughters in her car, says she watched the creature for 30 seconds or so before driving on. She examined the scene later but found no conclusive evidence of any beast's presence.

Since Ward's story appeared, several neighbors have told her they have seen or heard something strange in the Green Swamp, and she has learned people living along Rock Ridge Road talk about a "gray ape." But none were willing to speak publicly about their experiences.

Several readers also contacted The Ledger with descriptions of unfamiliar creatures, though only one agreed to be identified.

UNNAMED CAVE THAT HAS ROCK/DIRT FLOOR THAT LOOKS LIKE TWO "SOMETHINGS" HAD SLEPT ON IT. FLOOR CLEAN EXCEPT AT BED AREA. 11/29 DM

Carol Gill of Davenport says reading about Ward's experience evoked memories of a night nearly two decade ago when she and her ex-husband were fishing and rabbit hunting at night in northeast Polk County. Driving in their truck, they came across what Gill recalls as a fleshtoned animal about 5 feet long that raced before them at great speed. Gill, 48, says she first thought it was a hog but noticed it loped more like a kangaroo.

"I just freaked out, telling my husband, `Let's leave,' " Gill recalls. "He was just trying to maneuver the truck and get a good spotlight n it. . . . It wasn't my imagination or anything." Gill says she hasn't told many people about the experience, and her ex-husband now lives out of state. She drew comfort from hearing about Ward's sighting.

"There's somebody else that's seen something too out there," Gill says. Ward's claimed sighting has boosted interest in an online cryptozoology class Marlowe is scheduled to teach next semester for Florida Keys Community College. Marlowe says he has received inquiries from as far away as New Jersey and Australia for the course, which will explore rumored or unconfirmed species. Not everyone, though, is encouraging Marlowe's pursuit of what he considers scientific truth. Marlowe says he has received "hate mail" both from creationists and evolutionists who question the existence of an unconfirmed species of hominid. The story also has drawn attention from the nation's foremost cryptozoologist, Loren Coleman. The Maine-based author of such books as

"Cryptozoology A to Z" has discussed the matter with Marlowe and says he hopes to explore the area and interview Ward during a visit next spring.

Coleman says creatures identified as skunk apes or swamp apes have been spotted in Florida at least since 1960. He estimates there are 20 legitimate sightings a year, though he says most remain unreported because the witnesses fear ridicule. "It certainly sounds like it goes within the context of other stories from Florida," Coleman says of Ward's claim. "I find this a credible story. It needs more investigating. I'm hoping the article will bring forth people who are seeing these things because they fail to report them." Marlowe prepared a map of swamp ape sightings in Florida since 1982 that shows Polk County among seven counties with three or more observations. He says the map suggests Polk could be the final stop in a southward winter migration for the creature.

While Marlowe hopes to conduct an academic survey of the southern Green Swamp some time next year, he says others have been searching the area in a less rigorous way.

"I've noticed the number of people cruising up and down Moore Road seems to be higher," Marlowe says.

Could the rumor of a swamp ape some day draw people to Polk County just as the legendary Loch Ness monster provides a tourism draw for northern Scotland? Jackie Johnson of the Lakeland Area Chamber of Commerce says she hasn't received any calls about the creature and doesn't anticipate a marketing campaign. "I don't know that anybody is seriously considering it from a Lakeland standpoint," Johnson says. "The idea of Lakeland being associated with swamps -I'm not sure how we could use it."

Gary White can be reached at gary.white@theledger.com or at 863-802-7518

MISCELANEOUS

*Sighting: Steve P. Stp23@hotmail.com
Can you contact: Yes, Can you publish: yes
Sighting info: Date: Sept, 2004, Time: 9:00 pm
Location: Island in Maine. Rocky, hills. Heavily wooded. This is reference to the reported sighting by the hiker on camping on Lake Mooslookmeguntic. Or Mooselook as it is commonly called. I was camping with friends on Student Island for the last 3 days of Sept. 2004, for a final fishing trip. We went for a boat cruise that night as we always do. When we reached the opposite side of Student Island we saw what I could only describe as 5-7 balls of blue light bobbing and dancing at one of the other campsites. Now you have to understand that this area is desolate that time of year. We had been by this area twice during the day fishing and knew it to be empty. We shutdown the boat but not a sound was heard from the area as we watched the lights. The next day we hiked to the area. The area is grass covered and not a blade of grass was bent! The firepit had not been used in a long time. I only write this because I have heard the sightings of Bigfoot and strange lights are often linked. Student Island would be approx. 3 miles from the sighting of the hikers.

* "Roger Knights" rogerknights@comcast.net
October 4, 2004
Dear *Scientific American:*

Michael Shermer is the most effective and believable of the leading skeptics because he is non-doctrinaire, reasonable, and has a light touch. In his October column, for instance, he deftly listed several of the fairy-tale attributes of Plato's Atlantis (e.g., ivory rooftops, 600,000 archers, etc.) and then entertainingly crystallized the average reader's reaction with, "Your myth detection alarm should be going off about now."

However, he's sometimes succumbed to the temptation of mere partisanship. For instance, in his May 2003 column on cryptids ("Show Me the Body") he dismissed sighting reports thus: "in the words of social scientist Frank J. Sulloway—words that should be elevated to a maxim: 'Anecdotes do not make a science. Ten anecdotes are no better than one, and a hundred anecdotes are no better than ten.'"

Wrong. Uncontrolled observations (a synonym for "anecdotal evidence") do have a valid use in science: to contradict sweeping generalizations, such as "All crows are black" and "There are no Bigfeet." Furthermore, quantity does count: the more white-crow sightings there are, the likelier one of them is to be true. (In general and up to a point.)

If Shermer had attacked "eyewitness testimony," he'd have been arguing responsibly. But he'd thereby have weakened his rhetoric by using a phrase without a completely negative connotation. The damning connotation of "anecdotal evidence" has more persuasive power and that, together with the face-value appropriateness of its terms, makes it tempting to "innocently" misuse—especially if one is dying to *Bash the Believers.* There's a place for that, but not in a column labeled "Skeptic," which implicitly lays claim to a more disinterested stance. (In a column labeled "Scoftic" such verbal sleights of hand wouldn't be so annoying.)

Shermer also misled the unwary reader with the assertion, "for a time these other chimeras warranted our limited exploratory resources." "Our" mis-implied either that science had used its own discretion to distribute portions of funding from private sources, or that the US government had once allocated funding to the study of cryptids. "Limited" subtly hinted that every dollar spent on these absurd snipe hunts means a day's delay in the discovery of (e.g.) a cure for cancer.

"Limited" also mis-implied "limited." The US government is not poverty stricken—at least not yet. The NSF's budget for 2005 is a non-negligible $5.75 billion, so it has sufficient wherewithal to divert a few drops to a Bigfoot Bucket. (To put it more formally, to commit, say, .05%—i.e., almost $2.9 million—of its funding to an Office For Anomalies' Research.)

If OFAR found nothing, that would still be money well spent, as a stream of fruitless OFAR-sponsored searches and evidence-analyses would convert many believers into fence-sitters, and many fence-sitters into disbelievers. (Findings would rarely be inconclusive, unlike research into alternative medicine, where "Improvement?" (etc.) is "open to interpretation.") For instance, suppose every examination of Bigfoot hair samples using proton-emission (PIXE) testing and immunological reaction testing revealed them to have come from a known species—Bigfoot Buffs. Skeptics would then have a powerful weapon, as they could say, "For ten years the government has offered a reward of up to $1 million for evidence of Bigfoot's existence, depending on its strength, but nothing that passes the giggle test has turned up. If that doesn't tell you something, you're invincibly ignorant." Skeptics who appreciate the subtle insidiousness of this judo-style tactic should become OFAR's most aggressive proponents, as its long-

term effect would be to spread skepticism, and elevate it.

And funding would have another benefit—it would be insurance against the downside of Discovery by a Bigfoot Buff. In the unlikely event that Kalifornia's King Kong turned out to be a reality, it would be prudent for Science to get the credit, not some Kook. Furthermore, if Discovery didn't occur for twenty years, and if other relict hominids abroad (like the *almas* of the Caucuses) were thereupon presumed to have gone extinct in the interim due to insufficient protective measures, Science (and the Skeptics' movement) would be blamed for malign neglect. They'd "never hear the end of it"—nor deserve to. Extraordinary claims require investigation. (Sometimes.)

Roger Knights (submitted 1/4/05)

* Also by Roger Knights, "Be Prepared to Shoot"

Chris Murphy recently stated, "We need to get totally away from the [PG] film. This requires getting another film or video-tough call." Dahinden made a similar plea for more filmed evidence: "I just don't want to hear another man who says he's seen a Sasquatch. Take a camera and a gun. You have no business out there without them." Despite his advice, many folks have subsequently failed to heed it, and have kicked themselves for not having a camera, or not having it ready in time, when they had a sighting. Eventually this problem should ease, since many of us will habitually carry cell phones with built-in cameras, which would have caught many of the shots that were missed in the past. However, for those who don't now have or won't soon get such an item, I want to publicize the existence of other cameras that are even likelier to be carried and at hand. In order of increasing cost and desirability, these are:

1.. A disposable or cheap digital camera permanently stored in one's car. This should be in a cool location like the trunk, and/or in cool times of year; or year-round in the glove compartment if using a cheap digital camera such as the "C Pix DV-6400" I recently purchased for $22 from True Value. See www.simacorp.com, or the True Value website.

2.. Philips's 128 mb keychain Key010 digital camera. (It can also be used as a "thumb drive" with one's PC.) Its size is 3.5" by 1" by .5"; it costs $125 from Amazon. Such a small gadget could be carried in a shirt pocket, with its lens (which is conveniently located on the wider surface of the camera, unlike a Minox's edge-mounted lens) glued to a tiny hole in the material. Therefore a picture could be taken without even pointing anything at a "target," which might alarm it. See http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/B0001GV5F2/qid=1104231446/sr=1-1/ref=sr_1_1/103-7772494-5395004?v=glance&s=photo

3.. The HuntCam, a $300 videocamera lens the size of a D-cell battery that clips to the bill of one's cap, or to a rifle barrel, with a wire runninginto one's pocket where it connects to the input jack of a videocamera, which one can turn on when desired (unless paralyzed by fear or shock). See http://www.thehuntcam.com/

4.. Deja View's Camwear 100, at http://www.mydejaview.com/ It uses a C-cell-sized lens a bit smaller that the HuntCam's, and stores its pictures and audio in flash memory rather than a video camera, reducing bulkiness, power consumption, and expense, and encouraging "always-on" usage. One presses the Record button when one wants to retain the previous 30 seconds. (Hence the term "Deja View.") Thus there'd be no excuse for not getting a picture if one sees the critter without warning for only a second or two. About 65 such 30-second segments can be saved to memory. It's $380 from Amazon at http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/tg/detail/-/B00063E872/ref=ord_cart_shr/103-7772494-5395004?%5Fencoding=UTF8&m=ATVPDKIKX0DER&v=glance

Such items should be especially valuable to researchers who have claimed repeated sightings, but who have either been unable to get a good picture because they hadn't been carrying a camera, or couldn't get it out and ready in time, or because they had such now-irrelevant objections to cameras as:

1.. They can't be bothered to carry a bulky, expensive camera, or

2.. A Bigfoot would notice a camera being carried and avoid the person holding it, or

3.. A Bigfoot would become frightened or angry if it noticed a camera pointed at it.

Now they'll be able to put the doubters in their place! (Or, after the passage of several years without photo evidence, vice versa.)

Addenda: [Dismissing uncontrolled observations as "anecdotal evidence" is appropriate only when the inference being drawn from them requires a large and statistically representative sample to support it. For example, if a person were to respond to Sulloway's thesis--that first-borns are more frequently conservatives than the rest of the population--by citing a thousand non-conservative first-borns, he would be handling evidence in an "anecdotal" or unscientific (non-statistical) manner, and the instances he cited could be dismissed out of hand as irrelevant. Such unsupportable extrapolations are what give the specialized term "anecdotal evidence" its stigma. But Believers in the significance of sighting reports are NOT extrapolating; they are sticking strictly to brass tacks. So even though they put forward anecdotes as evidence, they are not presenting "anecdotal evidence," in the pejorative sense of the term.---RK]

* Happy new year Ray !

I already prepare my next travel to Vancouver Island. I bought a plane ticket between 16 and 27 August 2005, and I will to spend 9-10 days in the Tofino area. I plan to rent a sea kayak and spend 4-5 days kayaking along the west coast, from one island to another, explore remote areas... I always hope to find sasquatch prints on a beach, or more... I'll also try to see wolves and cougars, but I know it's more difficult than for a bear !

I will be alone on this trip, so if you know someone who could be interested to come with me (for kayaking on the sea and camping in the wilderness, also 2-3 days walking around Tofino), tell me ! Maybe you could transmit this message in The Track Record ? Thanks.

Oliver Decobert, 34, Residence Havez, 59178 – Hasnon, France, Decobert.Olivier@wanadoo.fr

* CR: Ben Blake

On the trail of Bigfoot in Santa Cruz Mountains

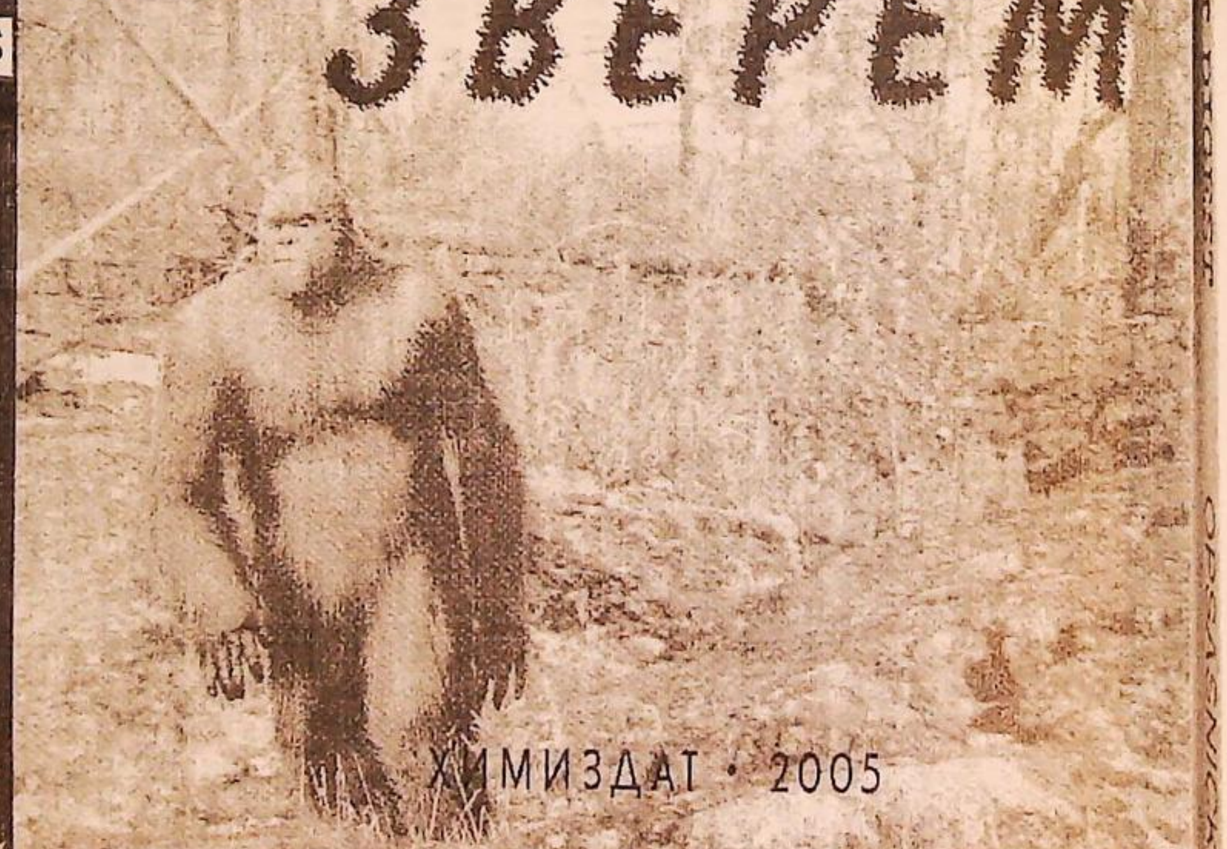
MUSEUM FOCUSES ON SIGHTINGS OF SASQUATCH,

By David L. Beck, Mercury News

To a nation fed on checkout-line tabloids, ``Bigfoot'' and ``hoax'' go together like chips and dip. Mike Rugg, the proprietor of a Bigfoot museum in Felton, respectfully --

В. Б. САПУНОВ

между человеком и ЗВЕРЕМ



ХИМИЗДАТ · 2005

13.

NEW BOOK ON BIGFOOT BY PROFESSOR VALENTIN SAPENOV, ST PETERSBURG RUSSIA, IN RUSSIAN sapunov@rshu.ru

THE MARYLAND

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well, somewhat respectfully -- disagrees. Bigfoot," Rugg said. His Felton museum opened its doors in July and is still in what Rugg calls ``the analog version'' of what he hopes it will be: a genuine old-fashioned roadside attraction, of the kind Rugg believes thrived before they were ``put down by the planning department.'' It's a little red-painted house and assorted outbuildings on Highway 9, just down the road from the entrance to Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park.

Although the evidence for Bigfoot's existence is almost exclusively anecdotal, believers, and even some who claim to be neutral on the issue, cite the sheer consistency of hundreds of sightings, eerie shrieks in the woods and casts of huge footprints. Even primatologist Jane Goodall has said she wouldn't be surprised if an undiscovered primate like Bigfoot exists. Bigfoot is a Humboldt Times reporter's word, circa 1957, for the big hairy

biped whose most frequent California sightings have been in that Northern California county. Sasquatch, the preferred name in some circles, is a North Coast Indian word for the barely glimpsed creature; Rugg says most American Indian languages have a word for such a creature. 8 feet, 800 pounds If it exists, it probably strode across the prehistoric land bridge between Siberia and Alaska about 13,000 years ago, said Arizona zoologist J. Richard Greenwell. An adult male is reckoned to be as tall as 8 feet and as heavy as 800 pounds, measurements deduced from strides and footprints, of which even Rugg's little museum has a few casts.

Rugg has collected enough facts to confirm his boyhood belief that Bigfoot exists, and roamed -- indeed, may still be roaming -- the Santa Cruz Mountains. But he understands the connection to Godzilla in the popular imagination.

Almost the first thing you see at Rugg's museum is a collection of tabloids, many of them from the gifted writers at the Weekly World News: ``I WAS BIGFOOT'S LOVE SLAVE,'' reads one.``Anybody that's working on a documentary about Bigfoot goes out and buys a gorilla suit,'' Rugg said. ``That's what I'd do, too.''

If you somehow miss the big new sign -- CapriTaurus' Bigfoot Discovery Museum (Idot) Art Gallery (Idot) Gift Shop -- outside the museum, look for the little Bigfoot sculpture chained to the front railing, or the big one still in progress alongside.

Artist, musician, computer guy and lifelong Bigfoot buff, Rugg, 58, is a round, gray-bearded man who was laid off from his graphics job two years ago and is now happily devoted to his obsession. He's got a digital copy of the 1967 Patterson-Gimlin film -- 60 seconds of Bigfoot bliss for aficionados, sheer hokum for non-believers; some books for sale and lots more just for research; a collection of taped sounds; plenty of stills from ``Harry and the Hendersons,'' a 1987 Bigfoot movie starring John Lithgow as Henderson; maps with colored pins representing local Bigfoot sightings; and a huge blurry blowup of the most famous still from the Patterson-Gimlin film, on which he defies visitors to find a zipper.

Rugg is an Oakland native whose family moved to Felton when he was 13. By then he'd been fascinated by Bigfoot for years. Realm of the UFO

As an art major at Stanford, he crafted a course of study that would have led to a second major in paleoanthropology. But he dropped out in disgust after he wrote a paper, ``A History and Discussion of the American Sasquatch Question,'' for Prof. Bert A. Gerow's anthropology class and got a C on it with the comment, ``This is still in the realm of UFO.''

He's still got the paper in its blue binder. ``My badge of courage,'' he calls it.

After Stanford, he set up an art studio on Highway 9 next to the woodworking studio of his brother Howard Rugg. They merged, forming CapriTaurus (Howard Rugg is the Capricorn) and began turning out a line of mountain dulcimers. ``I was the front man,'' he said. ``I did the fairs. You can't play every song you can think of for hours'' behind a counter at the Renaissance Faire``and not get pretty good.'' Rugg says ``Bigfoot'' is both singular and plural, like ``moose,'' although in conversation he uses ``Bigfoots,'' as in ``Bigfoots come in all sizes.''

This last is in reference to Homo floresiensis, the 3-foot-tall hominid whose skeleton was recently found on a remote Indonesian island. Rugg argues that that discovery makes a convincing case for Bigfoot and other so-called ``cryptids'' -- that is, to quote TheFreeDictionary.com, ``rumored or mythological animals that are presumed to exist, but for which conclusive proof does not yet exist; or are generally considered extinct, but occasionally reported.'' ``Now,'' Rugg said, ``we have bones!''

Bigfoot may be related to or descended from gigantopithecus, a huge prehistoric Chinese ape. But Rugg believes Bigfoot is more advanced --``smarter than a chimp, which are supposedly the most intelligent of the great apes,'' he said. It's not clear whether Bigfoots have language --authorities such as Greenwell, the Arizona zoologist, say they do not – but Rugg believes they are excellent mimics. Local sightings

``If you hear a night owl where there shouldn't be one, it could be a Bigfoot,'' he said. Since his museum opened its doors, many locals have told him stories of Bigfoots seen and heard, such as the man who spotted one -- actually his horse saw it first, Rugg said -- atop the sand quarry near Felton. Greenwell said his group recently did a statistical analysis of 1,400 sightings and found ``tremendous consistency . . . just really quite impressive,'' although he is careful to note that patterns of alleged behavior are not proof of existence. ``There's just no reason why all these things can't exist,'' Rugg said.``There's just a vast wilderness out there where these things can easily hide.''

The Bigfoot Museum is at 5497 Highway 9, just south of Felton. It's open 1 to 6 p.m. Wednesday through Friday and 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekends. Call (831) 335-4478 or see www.bigfootdiscoveryproject.com.

*http://www.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,1015856,00.html, Lost Apes Of The Congo

A TIME reporter travels deep into the African jungle in search of a mysterious chimp called the lion killer, By STEPHAN FARIS, Jan. 17, 2005 Ron Pintier was flying light and low above the northern wilds of the Democratic Republic of Congo when he saw a dark shape racing between two patches of tropical forest. "It was huge," says Pontier, a missionary pilot. "It was black. The skin was kind of bouncing up and down on it." From its bulk and color, Pontier thought it was a buffalo until he circled down for another look. "I saw it again just before it went into the forest," he says. "It was an ape—and a big one." Not buffalo size, but big. What Pontier saw was a piece of a primatological puzzle, another splinter of anecdotal

evidence for a mysterious ape with characteristics of gorillas and chimpanzees, an animal that has scientists in a furious debate over what it might be. Bili lies in Congo's far north, about 120 miles east of the Ebola River, where deep tropical forest breaks up into patches of savanna. Civil war and neglect have left the region nearly untouched by man. Overgrown dirt roads with bridges of rough-hewn logs string together thatched-roofed villages. Nearly all freight is carried in by bicycle. Locals hunt with homemade shotguns and crossbows seemingly modeled on 16th century Portuguese design. "This area is the last part of Africa where there are still wild animals," says Pontier, who grew up in the region. "It's not a game park. It's not a reserve. The animals are really wild." When Karl

Ammann, a Swiss photographer crusading against the killing of wild animals for meat, first visited the region in 1996, he was looking for gorillas, hoping that the great apes still roamed its jungles. What he found surprised him. Locals had two names for the apes in their forests: the tree beaters, which stayed safe in the branches, and the lion killers, bigger, darker and so strong that they were unaffected by the poison arrows used by local hunters. Ammann discovered a strange skull with the dimensions of a chimpanzee's but with an odd, prominent crest like a gorilla's. Motion-detecting cameras in the forest caught what looked like immense chimpanzees, and a photograph purchased from poachers showed hunters posing with an animal estimated to be twice the size of an ordinary chimp. Ammann measured a fecal dropping three times as big as chimp dung and footprints as large as or larger than a gorilla's. Most intriguing were the gorilla-like ground nests found in the riverine swamps. Chimps normally make their nests in the high safety of trees. Why would they build their beds of branches and shoots on the ground? And why here, of all places? At night Cleve Hicks, 32, a Ph.D. student who observes the animals, regularly hears the laughs of hyenas and the guttural cries of leopards. Recently, his trackers filmed the footprints of a lion crossing a river. But the apes here--at least some of them--pulled together branches and shoots to make a bed on the ground. "We know [the apes] are a perfect target for leopards," says Hicks. "So how can they get away with that? "The first scientist to see the Bili apes was Shelly Williams, an independent primatologist who visited the region at Ammann's invitation in the summers of 2002 and 2003. She says she documented separate groups of East and West African chimpanzee subspecies and what she calls the "mystery ape." The larger animal had a much flatter face and straight-across brow like gorillas and turned gray early in life. Females lacked chimps' genital swelling. Two or three would nest on the ground, with others low in nearby branches. They made a distinct vocalization like a howl and were louder when the full moon rose and set. "The unique characteristics they exhibit just don't fit into the other groups of great apes," says Williams. The apes, she argues, could be a new species unknown to science, a new subspecies of chimpanzee or a hybrid of the gorilla and the chimp. "At the very least, we have a unique, isolated chimp culture that's unlike any that's been studied," she says. That last, least dramatic theory is the one preferred by most scientists who have visited the region, including Harvard ape expert Richard Wrangham, who thinks the ground nests are built by chimps looking to escape dampness during the day. When Hicks and Ammann describe the animal they are studying, they use "mystery ape" only with irony. Ammann is worried that Williams' sensational pronouncements have brought ridicule to his project. "If there's scientific data, that's one thing," he says. "But basing all of this on anecdotal stuff ..." Recently, he was emailed pictures of a chimp with a pug-dog's head and a seal sprouting a gorilla's face. "Clearly, someone thinks we're a joke," he says. An analysis of hairs found in the ground nests identified their mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) as East African chimpanzee. Williams counters that finding with three arguments: the DNA could have been contaminated, the use of human genetic markers might mask hidden differences, and mtDNA would not

show variation in the paternal line. "Until we know the father's lineage, we can't say if it's a new species or not," Williams insists. No longer welcome in Ammann's camp, she says she will return to the area in March to set up her own project. "I think people are going to be disappointed with the yeti in the forest," warns Hicks, who says the apes he has seen are clearly chimps, although some are strangely oversize. "The evidence doesn't point to [a new species]. I think what needs to be focused on is the cultural differences." In addition to building ground nests, the apes fish for ants with tools that are several times longer than those used by known chimp populations. For now, Hicks is concentrating on habituating the animals, getting them accustomed to the noisy, nosy presence of researchers. The science--and the videotapes--will come later. "Genetically, they're not even a subspecies," says Hicks. "But behaviorally, we may be seeing the beginning of a departure from chimpanzee norms. We could actually be catching evolution in the act. That is, if they're allowed to survive."That's an open question. The forests here have been hit hard by commercial poaching. Kalashnikov-wielding hunters stage raids from the Central African Republic and central Congo. Pontier, the missionary pilot, used to see herds of a hundred elephants when he first flew over the region in 1983. Now three together is a rare sighting. And with the big animals nearly gone, Ammann, who has set up a conservation project in the area, says the poachers are turning to hogs, antelopes, monkeys and chimpanzees. "The pressure on smaller game is increasing now that the elephants are gone," he says. If there's one thing all the scientists can agree on, it's that if this part of Congo goes the way of other African wild lands, the great apes could soon disappear. All that will be left of the Bili ape is the mystery.

* Submitted by Ben Blake danegeld2@msn.com

New species may have relatives in next village

John Vidal, January 13, 2005, The Guardian

A growing number of scientists are challenging the sensational discovery last year of a new species of one-metre-tall intelligent humans whose 13,000-year-old bones were said to have been found in an Indonesian cave

According to some leading anthropologists in Australia, Indonesia and elsewhere, Homo floresiensis is not "one of the most important discoveries of the last 150 years" as was widely reported last October, but a pygmy version of modern Homo sapiens with a not uncommon brain disease.

Now a leading critic of the Homo floresiensis theory is to send researchers to a village near the cave where the bones were excavated to measure an extended family group whose males may be just a few inches taller than the skeleton.

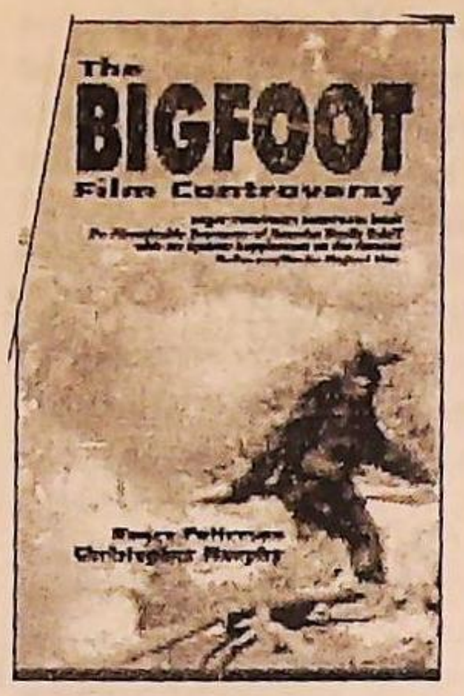
The Guardian has travelled to the village and interviewed three male members of the family, the shortest of whom was 1 metre 25cm (4ft), compared with the estimated 1 metre of the skeleton.

Professor Teuku Jacob of Gadjah Mada University in Yogyakarta said he would compare the villagers' measurements with those of the bones.

"It is quite possible that there are pygmy people living in the area who are related to the people found in the cave."

The dispute over the bones is dividing evolutionists between those who believe modern humans came "out of Africa" and those who say that they evolved in many parts of the world. But it is now getting personal with both sides hurling insults at each other.

Prof Jacob, who has been accused by the Australian scientists who led the excavation of "kidnapping" the bones from Indonesia's centre of archaeology, said the Australian team had "rushed" their work and lacked expertise.
http://www.guardian.co.uk/uk_news/story/0,3604,1389216,00.html



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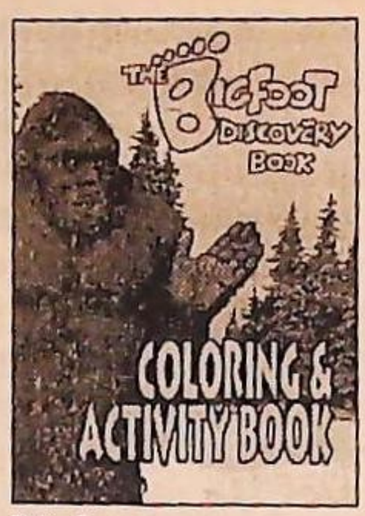

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* Rob Butler: Bigfoot Artist, By Rick Wood 11/23/2004

Rob first became interested in Bigfoot in 1973, when he was in the 3rd grade. He was certain the he and 3 friends were going to go on a camping trip to Ape Canyon to find Bigfoot. That trip never happened, but the interest remained. By the time he was in the 6th grade, he watched all of the shows on TV, and read every book he could find on the subject. While his friends idolized Football legend Roger Staubach, Rob's heroes were René Dahinden, and John Green.

He grew up next to Mt Talbert in Oregon, and just knew Bigfoot was up there. He and his family would often visit his Aunt and Uncle in Zig Zag, Oregon. (10 miles from Mt Hood) Whenever they would take a hike, Rob was always on the lookout. Rob's size 13 feet at age 11 had naturally brought about the nickname Bigfoot. It was around this time that a footprint report came to Rob's attention. They were found on the opposite side of Mt Talbert from him, in a Filbert orchard. Along with the prints, some droppings were found. They contained peach pits! What ever ate the peaches ate them, pits and all!

For as much as he loved the subject, it did freak him out a bit. When in Jr High, Rob was watching a Bigfoot Docu-Drama, and decided to run out to his dads' workshop on a commercial. Before leaving, he grabbed a baseball bat, for protection! ☺ His little sister had gotten outside before him and decided to give him a little scare. When she jumped out, Rob swung the bat so hard that when he missed her, he broke a shake on the side of the house. Good thing he missed! Throughout High School, Rob remained interested in the subject, but old trucks and girls soon became his focus.

When in his early 30's, Bigfoot once again reared his head in Rob's life. Rob was spending a lot of time in LaPine Oregon at his In-Laws, and used those trips to get out into the woods to have a look. By this time, Rob had become quite the Artist. He had started his business, Sasquatch Artworks, in '96, drawing Hot Rods and Monster 4 wheel drives. On his own 4x4, Rob had painted his CB Handle, 'Sasquatch', with a Dad, Mom and Baby Bigfoot to represent his family. One day, someone saw the painting and put Rob in touch with Larry Lund, and Ray Crowe of the Western Bigfoot Society. It wasn't long until Rob's artistic talents were put to use in the pages of the Track Record.

Rob couldn't stop at pen and paper. In '97 he designed his Bigfoot Tattoo, and made the first of many hand painted life-sized plywood cutouts of Bigfoot. The cutouts became a photo magnet whenever they were brought out. He made them for stores, museums, and even for a garden scarecrow! After Rob's first WBS campout at Carson, Washington, one of the cutouts appeared in the Vancouver newspaper. That was followed by a radio interview on Portland station KEX.

In '98, Rob was asked to be a part of a new documentary on Bigfoot called Sasquatch Odyssey. He shot with the film crew one day on Mt St Helens, and 3 days at Bigfoot Daze in Carson. Rob spent a lot of time in front of the camera, but little of it made it into the final cut. Rob's tattoo, his huge 4x4, and one of the cutouts were about it. Rob did love the experience though. Shortly after this appearance, Rob was contacted by the Travel Channel, to have his art shown on their show 'Weird Places'.

Rob's Bigfoot art became in high demand. He illustrated the book by Joe Beelart, 'The Great Sasquatch Conspiracy' along with several others. He designed Bigfoot event t shirts, flyers, program covers, supplied art for many Bigfoot newsletters, and his cartoon character

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'Squatch' was always doing something funny. Rob's most cherished memory was spending an evening with his boyhood hero, Rene Dahinden. It was the conversation of a lifetime to Rob, for six months later Rene passed away.

With all of the attention and pseudo-fame the Bigfoot art had brought, Rob really wanted to get back to his roots, drawing Hot Rods. In late '99, Rob's art graced 2 pages in a National Truck Magazine, and has gone straight through the roof from there. His t shirt designs, flyers, magazine illustrations, and newly introduced greeting cards are desired by many in the automotive field. His cartoon character 'Squatch', has been joined by two hot rodders 'Chuck & Arbee', and they are every bit as well received as 'Squatch' was. Rob is now considered a Premier Automotive Cartoonist, and his work is highly sought out by people all over the US and Canada. Rob still does go out searching for the creature on occasion, but never considered himself a researcher. He always thought of himself as an enthusiast. To this day Rob has never seen a Bigfoot, but he remains a true believer.

Post Note: This Month, Rob has introduced a line of new Bigfoot Greeting Cards.

Writers Note:
Rick Wood operates Oregon Sasquatch Investigations and Research (OSIR) out of Clackamas County, Oregon

* The Sunday Times – Britain, January 30, 2005
High notes of the singing Neanderthals

NEANDERTHALS have been misunderstood. The early humanoids traditionally characterized as ape-like brutes were deeply emotional beings with high-pitched voices. They may even have sung to each other, writes Jonathan Leake. The new image has emerged from two studies of the vocal apparatus and anatomy of the creatures that occupied Europe between 200,000 and 35,000 years ago.

Neanderthal voices were loud, womanly and probably highly melodic — not the roars and grunts previously assumed by most researchers. Stephen Mithen, professor of archeology at Reading University and author of one of the studies, said: "What is emerging is a picture of an intelligent and emotionally complex creature whose most likely form of communication would have been part language and part song." Mithen is giving a seminar on his findings at University College London next week and will publish a book, The Singing Neanderthal: The Origin of Language, Music, Body and Mind, in June.

He studied the Neanderthal voice box and compared it with those of modern humans, monkeys and apes to work out what noises they might have made. "They must have been able to communicate complex ideas and even spirituality. Their anatomy suggests that pitch and melody would have played a key role," he said. Mithen's work coincides with the first detailed study of a reconstructed Neanderthal skeleton. Anthropologists at the American Museum of Natural History in New York brought together bones and casts from several sites to re-create the creature.

Gary Sawyer, the researcher who oversaw the project, will describe the results in Horizon on BBC2 on February 10. The creature that emerges bears marked differences to humans. Neanderthals seem to have had an extremely powerful build and no discernible waist. Professor Trenton Holliday of Tulane University in New Orleans believes they evolved their stocky body shapes to conserve heat when ice covered the world. "A short compact body with a voluminous chest would retain heat better

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* Monroe to Crowe.
-A short rendition of the exploring events of 11/27 – *11/29/04* The discovery of the "Theata Crowe Cave's" and an additional update on the recent tragedy of cave robbers into the "Mistletoe Cave, etc."

"Dons Corner: Expedition of 11/27 to 11/30/04

The weather was miserable, Var Harris and I visited the Lion Cave, found all undisturbed with the many animal bones in the lair, however Var found where he bumped his head on the cave walls, a clump of curious dark brown hair that I am sending to you with the pictures to have a look at. (?) Likely it had been another very tall human (?) leaving that cave with an extremely bad head ache, Var stands strongly at 6' 411tall. (Keep in mind that this cave is within two hundred yards of the Holly Mistletoe Cave, where to date curiously we have not at any time found real evidence of mountain lion's using it for a lair, or where they would had left bones as evidence, etc. These big cats are always bad house keepers and give themselves away.

Entering Mistletoe Cave this day was a shock... Var didn't know... but as I have told you before Ray, in there were many very old bones far-below an ice layer of 18" or so, where late July 2004 Holly Mulvaney with me had tried very hard to break through that ice to get down to the bones without success using heavy iron digging bars, etc. These bones were very many and probably would date back 11,000 thousand years, exactly as had the Bison antiquus bones (old bones sent recently to Dr. Orr, Or. State) and I was very disappointed and upset to discover that some how (?) someone has followed me there again. And this time, they had only recently, in some obscure way, managed to melt the thick blue ice and had taken from the cave every fragment of all bones...(?) and there were many. This was a great loss to my projects.
Var suggested they could had used some sort of a propane burner to melt the ice...(?) whatever. Anyway Ray, my big mouth on talk radio no doubt has resulted in someone watching my moves again. This is the second time now for destructive encroachments upon my efforts by unknown persons I suspect it is government or similar. (It might have even been "Professor Seldom... guided there by the invincible and elusive "Esther Cave Wall Ass," believed by some people to have been the real "thing" that was thought to have been instead "Patty"in the 1967 Patterson Bigfoot footage?) I think Ron Roseman knows somewhat of Esthers recent adventures while running amuck in the Oregon woods...?

The Theata Crowe Cave discoveries came next after getting ourselves up into another lion lair and climbing out through its escape route, up through rock grotto formations that became Theata's Cave's (two of them). I chose to name them to her memory, as each of them proved

to be unusually wind swept clean and immaculate, just as she had always kept her home and life. Theata, we all miss you,... she was always kind to everyone, and would identify with these beautiful caves, that are much cleaner and separately interesting from many others that I visit. So, "Yenta, yenta Theata," (Yenta, is a Chinese word for "my glass raised in a toast to your unforgettable memory")

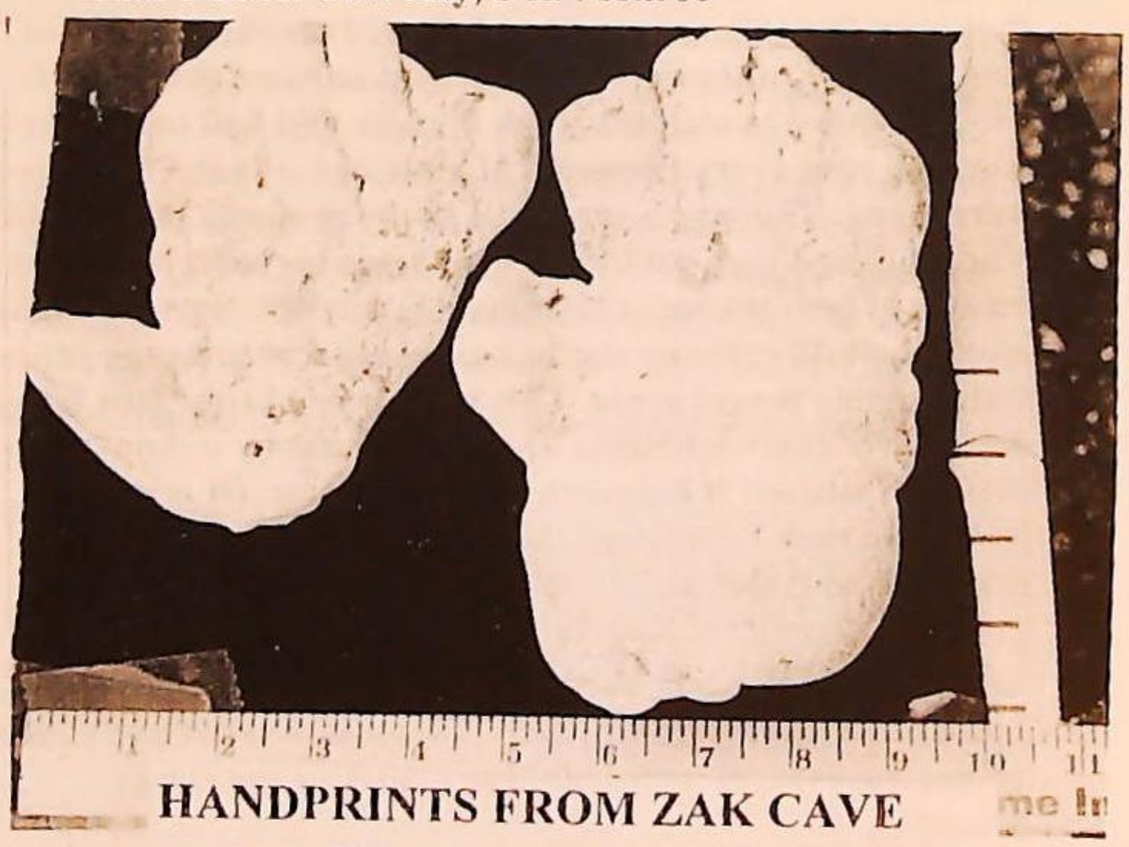
Among these caves we found some evidence of ancient rock work, along with very old marrow extracted animal bones, absolutely these caves had long ago had resident populations. (Relict Homonoids?) Well, that is also possible, as we are still exploring well inside my fifty mile discovery radius where to date I am continuing to be finding evidence and have taken considerable artifacts.

From another cave I brought out more "Bison antiquus" bones.. from where I am certain there is likely an entire skeleton forever buried beneath the basalt boulders inside. 11/29/04 Alone again on this day, I ventured back to check on one of my "believed to be" smaller hominoid sleeping caves (picture included) and bingo, I could easily identify where possibly two large something's or somebody's (?) had been laying recently on the cave floor surface and had left scuffed places. It is obvious that the thin layers of dirt were exposing the hard rock bottom, exactly like kids do in a sand pile box. I was recently there within the past two weeks and this was not the case. (Critics: yes, humans could had laid the night in this hole in the ground... but this time of the year, and for what reason... consider present man's creature comfort for self, not likely... it wasn't man as we know them today that had spent the night there (trust me?).

December first (tomorrow) I go again down into the lava where I had first found evidence in 17 inch foot tracks of these creatures exactly three years ago. I will again be alone, unless Var Harris can make it with me?

This anal exodus on Dec. 1st into the lava's, has each time made new discoveries, and interestingly the discoveries have always been in the exact same proximities or very close by. The weather right now is miserable (bitter cold); last night sub zero temp to -2 degrees, chill factor, (that's the cold,) unknown. Harris bring your long underwear.

That's all for now Ray, Don Monroe



HANDPRINTS FROM ZAK CAVE

* Bellingham, WA, Sasquatch Research Conference planned for May 27, 28, and 29, 2005. Pre-registration $40.00 (before May 14, $50 after). At Hampton Inn Hotel, 3985 Bennett Drive, contact promoter Jason Valenti, Jason@sasquatchresearch.com, 360-676-7500. . Speakers include Lloyd Pye, Chris Murphy, Thomas Steenburg, Jimmy Chillicutt, Al Berry & Ron Morehead, Robert Alley, John Andrews, Todd Neiss, Jason Valenti, Rick Noll Thom Powell. and John Kirk.

Times Union
GOLLY, MARTHA
CR: BILL BARNN

From out of the mist, a stinky legend emerges

DEC '04

By LINDA FLOREA
The Orlando Sentinel

LAKELAND, Fla. — Urban legends are supposed to be legends and that's all. But if you ask Jennifer Ward about the Florida skunk ape, she will tell you it stepped out of the mists of myth and into reality.

"I never thought anything like that was out there before," Ward, 30, said last week. "But I know there is now."

Ward's encounter with the hairy creature came in August, about a week after Hurricane Charley, along a rural stretch of road as she was driving home from a friend's house. Her daughters were asleep in the back seat and it was approaching dusk.

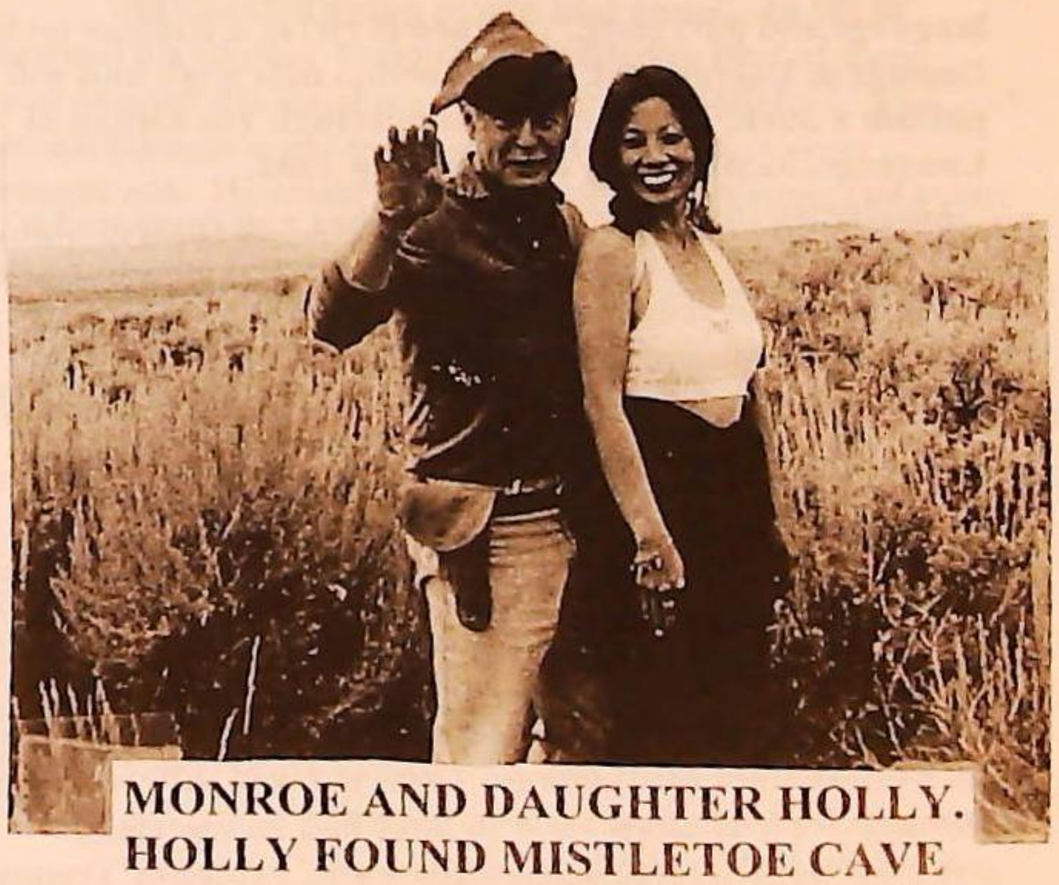
"I noticed something in the ditch. I looked over, and I guess it noticed me. It rose up," she said explaining that the animal had been crouching when she first saw it.

Ward said the creature was 6 to 8 feet tall and covered with hair about 2 inches long. There was white around the eyes, but she did not notice a nose or ears. She said the lips were full with the texture of a dog's paw pad. Its hands were drawn up next to its body.

At first, Ward only told friends and family about what she saw. She acknowledged that it took considerable time for her to decide to go public.

Florida skunk ape sightings have been reported for more than 200 years, according to Scott Marlowe, co-founder of Pangea Institute in Winter Haven and instructor of an upcoming college course on cryptozoology, the study of hidden animals and the possibility of their existence.

This Southern relative of Bigfoot gets its name for the awful stench often associated with it.



MONROE AND DAUGHTER HOLLY. HOLLY FOUND MISTLETOE CAVE

NAVY LEAGUE

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